Tom's Coffee house Feb: 6th 1729 to Mrs. White Dun Green Black Strawberry

11630.c.13 2

MONEY.

A

POEM.

In Imitation of *MILTON*.

Humbly Inscrib'd to

The Right Honourable,

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD,

By BENJAMIN PARKER,
Author of the Philosophical Meditations, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, at Sir *Isaac Newton*'s Head, the Corner of *Lincoln*'s-*Inn-Fields*, next *Great Turn-Stile*, and T. COOPER, at the *Globe*, in *Pater-noster-Row*, where may be had the Author's other WORKS. 1740.

(*Price Six Pence.*)

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MONEY.

A POEM.

E Muſes now aſſiſt my vent'rous Pen,
In undertaking an uncommon Task,
On MONEY's val'rous Acts, to imitate
Miltonic Verſe, to ſing her matchleſs Praiſe.

MONEY, the grand Engagement of Mankind,
Is above all Things upon Earth admir'd,
Belov'd by all Men, and by ſome ador'd,
And with affected Fondneſs idoliz'd.

All

All human Arts, Contrivances, and Trades,
Inventions Novel, Recreating Games
Have Views to gain her: Travellers likewise
Seek her in tiresome Tracts, with pregnant Hopes
To bring her safely Home with wish'd Success
Well, -- If she's gain'd, she never does desire
To be your Idol, or to be ador'd.
Your humble Servant *she* will freely be,
And all good Offices for you perform,
So long as you her humble Service chuse.

But if her Servant you will chuse to be
And out of Compliment, thro' too much Love,
Her offer'd Services you'll refuse t' embrace,
And rather chuse to give her Sovereign Sway
O'er your affectionate caressing Heart,
By which you strive to keep her close confin'd
In barricaded Coffers, and seal'd Bags,
Out of excessive Love you to her bear,
To have her in your own desired View

At ſolemn Times to worſhip !---Surely ſhe
This ſervile Honour takes for vaſt Abuſe.

No *Goddeſs* did ſhe e'er deſign to reign,
Or like *Diana*, deck'd with *Silver Shrines*,
To bring the Nobles to fall down before 'r.

No, 'tis her Choice to be at your Command,
For Noble *Actions* that ſhe can perform,
When not confin'd and fetter'd in the Dark;
'Tis not her Choice thus to be idoliz'd;
For when ſhe's like a *Dæmon Goddeſs* chain'd
She then grows ſullen, and falls faſt aſleep.

But when deſired Freedom ſhe regains,
At potent Services ſhe'll never ſtop;
No fam'd Exploits that ever were perform'd,
By all the mighty Champions of the World,
Cou'd ever equal her Atchievements great.

ST. *George* himself confin'd, lost Time of Glory,
That might have added to his fam'd *Records*,
If we might credit History of him,
By Dint of Sword, thro' Valour, he set free
Inchanted Knights, and Ladies held confin'd
By wicked Necromancers, and destroy'd
The strongest Barricades, that kept them in:
But what feign'd History reports of him,
Much more is *true* of reconciling Gold.

For reconciling *Money* can dissolve
The dark Inchantments *Debt* does doom Men to;
Who are by Catch-Poles hurri'd to the Shades,
Of barricaded Prisons; Captives made:
When all the Force of Arms or Arts can't loose
Them from this black, and direful, loathsome Place:
But as inchanted they despairing lie;
Yet *Money* then can even break the Charm,
Dissolve th' Enchantment, set the Captive free.

O *Money*, why art thou so close confin'd,
From Liberty of thy desir'd Redress,
To free distress'd and forlorn captive Slaves,
And put them in rejoicing Songs of Praise?
For unconstrained Bounty is thy Choice,
Unequal'd Valour thou wouldst gladly show;
If not thy self inchanted in the Chests
Of those, who seek by Force to worship thee,
And keep thee from those noble Offices,
In dark Recesses, even as those Slaves
Thou would'st deliver, if awak'd from Sleep.

Money 's a healing Balm to mitigate
Excessive Grief for Loss of dearest Friends,
Can purchase outward Mourning, but will ease
The inward Parts, and give them great Relief;
With reconciling Comforts she'll remove
Th' incessant Tears of shocking strong Remorse.
Thus applicable Comforts, when distress'd,

Like

Like welcome Rain upon the thirſty Earth,
Relieves the anxious Mind, which Grief forgets.

Money o'er Kingdoms, Empires, Commonwealths,
She, tho' their Servant, bears the Sovereign Sway;
O'er mighty Continents ſhe ſafely reigns,
O'er ſpreading Iſlands, o'er the curled Main,
And Ocean wide.----She even does extend
Her large Dominions round the circling Globe.

Want of her Conduct ſtagnates all Affairs,
Hurls off the ſpritely Wheels by which they're (mov'd,
Checks all reſolv'd Proceedings, and deſtroys
The Life of Actions, all of which ſubmit
To her wiſe Rule, Service and Government.

There's no Affair in which ſhe's not concern'd
Can thrive or proſper, if Political.

If

If Eccleſiaſtical, I dare not ſay,
She e'er deſign'd to meddle, but behold,
She is by Force brought in for its Support!
And made to ſerve in Church as well as State!
Serve, did I ſay? Nay ſhe triumphant reigns
O'er the moſt ſacred Popes and Cardinals!
And if we might believe Romantick Tales
Can looſe from Hell, and open Purgatory,
And ſet the Captives of the Devil free!

Thus when fam'd Heroes, thro' renown'd Exploits,
Had fill'd the World with Wonder and Amaze,
Seldom it was but Fictions did ſucceed,
By falſe pretended Friends, which did obſcure
Their true intrinſick Worth; for e'ery Fable
Tends to deſtroy Belief of what is real.
Who can with ſilent Patience, unconcern'd,
Hear detrimental Fables to deſtroy
True Reputation, gain'd by noble Deeds.

For Fables only tend to raiſe Surprize
Amongſt the Mob, where undiſtinguiſh'd Truth
Can't be diſcern'd, when thus confus'dly mixt
With Rival Fables, that are interwove:
Hence Truth and Falſhood bear an equal Weight,
Where e'er true Judgment's wanting; hence (it is,
That others, who a Falſhood there diſcern,
To make their own diſcerning Judgment clear,
Headlong into another Error run,
All that whole Hiſtory to condemn as Lies.

Thus frightful Apparitions idle Tales,
And Bugbears from Imagination ſprung,
Make ſome diſpute they really don't exiſt.

So *Money*'s fam'd Exploits, romantick made,
Deprives her of her true deſerved Fame.
If then diſcerning Judgment may remove
The Rival Fables that obſcure true Worth,
Say, *Money* never did beyond the Grave

Intend to give Relief, but has confin'd
The greateſt Triumphs of her mighty Deeds
To this World's Kingdoms, States Political.

Church Militant on Earth does really owe
Grateful Acknowledgments for Services,
She's always ready to afford her here,
Where ſhe's not made to take the Sovereign Seat,
And reign in Oppoſition unto him,
Whoſe Kingdom is not of *this* World below;
For true Confed'racy and Peace ſhe'll keep
With him for ever; nor will e'er invade
His Kingdom, but ſhe will ſurrender all
Her Trophies to his Sovereign Command.
No Force whatever *Money* can engage
Beyond the Kingdoms of this World to vie;
Which to her Praiſe and increaſe of her Fame
She's much more worthy Honour and Renown.

Money is Chaſte, Benevolent and Kind,
Yea, Free and Courteous, Affable and Bold,
When join'd to Honour.---- But with frightful
(Face 150
Appears to thoſe, who lewdly do attempt
By Force of Raviſhment her to enjoy.

To open Courts of Juſtice ſhe'll appeal
Her own juſt Rights and Honours to retrieve,
When their reflective Crimes and black Abuſe
Confoundeth them with ſhrinking Horrors round,
Waiting the direful Sentence of the Goal,
Halter and Gallows; which for to eſcape,
Diſmal Exile is thankfully embrac'd.

If by contrived Stratagems they 'ſcape
Deſerved Judgment from the open Court,
Yet raviſh'd *Money* will find out Redreſs,

And

And will employ another Inſtrument
To be their Plague and Executioner ;
Conſcience, by them ſo laught to ſcorn before,
She'll then awaken in their ſtubborn Breaſt,
And ſmite them in their open braſſy Face
For their lewd Rapes they ſecretly contriv'd :
Under Oppreſſion ſhe will ne'er give Reſt,
But to retaliate her Wrongs, ſhe will
In thundering Peals loud Acclamations ring.

When thinking to ſhake off their Puniſhment
On injur'd *Money* they will turn the Blame,
And brand her with the odious Infamy
Of ROOT OF EVIL, whereby two Deſigns
They think thereby to ſerve ; by falſe Report
Her honour'd Reputation to deſtroy,
By which they vainly hope to raiſe their own :
The next Deſign is leſſening her Eſteem

Amongſt

Amongſt her Friends. who juſtly ſtrive to gain (her,
That they a due Regard may not employ
Her to ſecure againſt their dark Deſigns:
But Time will her deſir'd Releaſement give,
(By Obſervation it is plainly ſeen)
And then diſcover to the World again
Her own true Honour to their laſting Shame.

Thus the great *Worthies* thro' th' Empyreal (World,
Whoſe honourable Deeds were ever crown'd,
With Fame triumphant by the Wiſe and Juſt,
Have always met with equal Envy, Hate,
And baſe Detraction from a hot-brain'd Crew
Of worthleſs Slaves, who never cou'd themſelves
Obtain true Honour, nor cou'd e'er abide
That Honour ſhould on worthy Actions wait:

But their unjuſt Reproaches always tend
To give a clearer Light to envy'd Worth.

Money is then by dark Aſperſions clear,
Her envy'd Honour will triumphant ſtand,
While we with tuneful Voices ſweetly ſing
Loud Acclamations to her matchleſs Praiſe.

FINIS.

Prepar'd and Sold only by Benjamin Parker,

At Sir *Isaac Newton's* Head, the Corner of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, next *Great Turn-Stile*,

A Reſtorative Jelly.

It effectually cures Aſthmahs, Colds, Coughs and Retchings, of ſhort or long Continuance; it opens the Obſtructions of the Lungs, and procures a Freedom of Breathing, removes the Cauſes of Coughing and Straining, and reſtores the Body to a State of Soundneſs and Health, at Five Shillings the Half Pint Bottle, by taking only *one Spoonful Night and Morning, one Bottle being ſufficient for a* Cough *not long contracted, and two or three for thoſe that have been Years eſtabliſhed.*

N.B. *The ſame Perſon* infallibly cures Conſumptions *of a long or ſhort Continuance, in a ſhort Time, in all* Conſtitutions, *except decay'd with Age, or contracted* by Venereal Diſorders.

At the ſame Place may be had,

A Cordial Cholick Water,

A ſmall Tea Cup full of which being taken in the Violence of the Cholick Fit, gives preſent Eaſe, and takes it off in 10 *or* 15 *Minutes, or at the Beginning prevents it; the ſame Quantity taken* 3 *or* 4 *Times every other Night, carries away the Cauſes that the Cholick ariſes from; which being repeated upon any future Signs of its Return, will at laſt deſtroy the very Seeds of it; at Five Shillings the Pint Bottle,*

N.B. *The Bottle not to be ſhaken up when us'd, but may be fill'd up with the beſt Brandy or white Wine* 3 *Times, when half uſed; and being well cork'd, never loſes its Virtue.*